

Encounter: English Tea Garden

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English Tea Garden

Trapped. How had she managed to trap herself in the small alcove in the English Tea garden? All of the guests were on the other side of the house. Probably dry, she thought morosely as she watched the rain pour down outside of her haven.

She squinted. Was that an approaching figure? In this deluge? As the dark spot drew closer, she realized it was a man. But not just any man, oh no. No, it had to be the most exasperating, sexiest, most edible man on the planet -- James Sinclair.

Bursting into her dry space, he shook water everywhere. "Everyone's looking for you."

Her lips turned down at the corners. "And they sent you?"

He grinned. "No, I volunteered when your ride took off."

"What?" she screeched.

"The girls said to give you their best when I found you and they promptly jumped into the limo and drove away."

"Great. Just great. Now how am I supposed to get home?"

He waggled his eyebrows at her.

“You? Not hardly. I wouldn’t go anywhere with you if you were the last man on earth.”

“Darling, in case you’ve missed it, right now I am the last man on earth. We’re trapped here until the rain lets up, unless you want to make a run for it?”

She looked out at the wall of water falling from the sky. You couldn’t see more than a foot or two in front of your face. No way was she going out in that.

He smiled that cocky smile that drove her mad. “I didn’t think so.”

“Just because I’m not going out in that mess doesn’t mean you can stay here. There isn’t enough room.”

He wrapped an arm around her waist, making her heart skip a beat. “Then I guess we’ll just have to get really, really close.”

Her traitorous heart took off at a gallop. The man might drive her crazy, but she’d still wondered, on more than one occasion, what it would be like if she ever found herself in his arms. And here she was, in that exact position, and if she read him right, he planned to keep her there -- with fewer clothes on.

“James.”

“Shh.” He leaned closer, his lips brushed hers. The shock of that first touch made her gasp. Every nerve in her body had come alive and was begging for his attention, a touch, a whisper, the promise of a caress.

She parted her lips and his tongue delved inside, tasting, tormenting, claiming. Her whole body felt as if it were engulfed in flames, and still she wanted more.

Her fingers had a mind of their own and began unfastening the buttons on James’s shirt. Shoving the crisp white material down his arms, her hands found the broad expanse of his chest, warm, firm muscle sprinkled with soft hair. She hardly noticed as he stripped her dress from her body, leaving her standing in her unmentionables, thigh-highs and high-heels. She shivered from the damp air and reached for him again, quickly divesting him of his clothing. As she

uncovered his bronzed colored flesh inch by inch, her mouth watered, aching to taste him.

She stood before him in awe. He was a god and she was oh so willing to do his every bidding.

“Undress,” he said, his voice wrapping around her like warm silk.

She unclasped her bra and let it fall to the ground, her breasts springing free of their confines. She slid her damp thong down her legs and kicked it away. When she reached for her thigh-highs, he stopped her.

“Leave those.” He gave her a wicked smile. “They’re rather sexy.”

She reached for him, her hands molding to his broad shoulders. His long, hard cock bobbed between them, gently brushing against her belly. The musk of his arousal combined with the decadent cologne he was wearing was enough to bring her to her knees. She wanted him as she’d never wanted anyone before.

“Are you wet for me?” he asked in a seductive purr.

“You know I am.”

“Tell me what you want.”

“You, James. I want you.”

He growled and pulled her tight against him. “And how do you want me?”

“Fast and hard and wild. I want all of you and I want you right now!”

He pushed her back against the wall and lifted her legs around his waist. His cock was poised at her entrance, brushing against her, enticing her.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“Yes,” she breathed. “Take me.”

Without further urging, he plunged into her, hard and fast and deep. She curled her hands against his shoulders, her nails biting into the skin as he filled her. He retreated, then sank into her hot, wet pussy again. She bit her lip to hold back the moan that had sprung to her lips. He felt oh so good; she didn’t think she’d ever get enough of him.

His hands gripped her hips firmly as he began thrusting into her hard and faster, each stroke deeper than the last. He touched her womb every time he slid deep within her. She began to tremble and she felt heat building inside of her, growing and expanding until it had nowhere to go. Throwing back her head, she screamed out her orgasm as it swept her away like a tidal wave. Her pussy convulsed around James's cock as he slammed into her over and over. Just as she was coming down from her high, she felt him slide deep one last time.

Panting for breath, she looked up into his smoky eyes. She'd avoided him for as long as she could remember, and now she knew why. He'd ruined her for all other men.

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